

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1795.

NUMB 377.

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip. Ten Shillings per Annum.

FANNY: OR, THE HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[Continued.]

LORD Darnton's messenger entered his house, followed by the unfortunate old man. No sooner did his lord see him, than he asked him concerning the event of his message. He gave him, for answer, the thousand pound note. What! cried his lordship, had he the impudence to refuse my favour? He is here, replied the servant. Let him come in, said my lord, in wrath; I know how to treat people of his stamp. Adams entered, and threw himself at his lordship's feet. Yes, my lord, said the unhappy father, with floods of tears, I refused the price of my disgrace, because my honour is not to be purchased. I am sensible that I am a dependent of your family, and that respect and submission are my duty. I did every thing in my power to prevent my lord, your nephew, from so disproportionate a match; but he would not listen to me: He was determined to possess my daughter, but he previously married her. Our fate is in your hands, my lord, but the knot has been tied in the face of heaven, and it is heaven alone that can dissolve it. Our only misfortune is my humble condition, and my poverty: My family has ever been irreproachable.—Would you, my lord, deprive a father, a mother, and a daughter of their lives—poor unhappy people—that esteem their honesty their greatest blessing?—Let me embrace your knees; and look upon a miserable father, that appeals to your humanity and your justice. To do you justice, replied his lordship, I should drive you this moment out of my house. How could you have the impudence to refuse my favour? Though you had an hundred daughters, you insolent old man, a thousand pounds would be too great a price for them. Hear me—do not abuse my kindness—take back the bill—go; and do not think of seeing me any more.

No, said the courageous Adams, with that noble indignation which raises the spirit above all rank, I will not go. I only ask for justice, my lord, and I will have it. You shall either this moment run me through the body, or I will have recourse to every court of justice in London. I will petition his majesty: I will lay before him my grievances, my distresses, and my rights. I am, proceeded the honest man, with all the eloquence of anguish, I am a poor farmer; but, my lord, I am a father, and an injured father. My complaints will be heard—they will be echoed from every heart—and the world will pronounce between us. I have reason and justice on my side. My grief distracts me, my lord!—No—I never can think that lord Whatley has formed any other connections—This is only a pretence to try my integrity. Ah! my lord! once more behold at your feet an unhappy father, who will never quit this posture until he moves your compassion. You cannot be capable of an action so unworthy of your rank. Come, said lord Darnton, I will give you two thousand pounds, and let me hear no more of you or your daughter. My lord, you will not hear me: Your second proposal, I

presume to say, is a fresh attack on my life, and honour. You shall take that life, my lord; you shall embrace your hands in my blood; I will return no more to my daughter. Insolent man! Do you threaten me?—I will die, or obtain your consent to a marriage that will not discredit you.—Fanny was a girl of virtue. My lord, expect the utmost from my distraction; it is very dreadful. Do you threaten me, you audacious earth-worm? Know the insignificance of your pretensions. I perceive on what your obstinacy and your haughtiness are founded: You imagine that your daughter was legally married to my foolish nephew. I would have owed to your duty, what I shall obtain by law. Know then, that your claims are a jest; that your daughter has been the instrument of Whatley's pleasures; in short, that the marriage you have the presumption to insist on, was nothing more than a stratagem. What! My daughter not married to lord Whatley!—She never was; she has only been his mistress, my friend; and I think in that instance, his lordship (my nephew) did you no little honour.

A thunderstroke could not have smitten poor Adams more violently. He fell senseless to the ground. Lord Darnton went out of the room, and coldly ordered his people to take the poor man to the air until he should come to himself, and then to pay him two thousand pounds. There was a scene that might have moved the heart of a savage. The poor old man lay extended on the floor, his grey hairs soiled with dust and tears.—He hardly breathed, and the pale gleams of death was on his countenance. A servant, who had more humanity than his master, was moved with compassion for the unfortunate man; he took him by the arm, and endeavoured to recover him. Adams opened his eyes, and with a bitter exclamation, threw himself again on the floor, crying, They have deceived my daughter—she is not married. O my God! my God!—He rose hastily, and was going to seek lord Darnton, but his strength failed him; he was obliged to set down, and could do nothing but vent his anguish in a torrent of tears. The compassionate domestic endeavoured to comfort him; he exhorted him to be reconciled to his misfortunes—represented the quality and power of lord Darnton, and concluded, with relating to him all the circumstances of Whatley's pretended marriage with Fanny. Adams in distraction, tore his hair, and talked of stabbing lord Darnton. The steward brought him two thousand pounds ready told. Adams dashed them from him with all the rage of honest indignation.—Wretch! let your master keep his infamous wealth! Go, he has already insulted my grey hairs—I see that I have no other protection, nor other avenger than my God—I implore his assistance; and he will punish the villains that have deceived my child, my poor Fanny. Ah! my friend, continued he, addressing himself to the charitable domestic that took him by the hand, and would have soothed him, if you knew what a woman they have injured!—Ah! my poor children! How shall I bear to tell you this dreadful story! I find I shall die in this place

—Here my body shall lie, and call down the divine vengeance. The Supreme Justice can redress the meanest of his creatures, and He will not refuse his succour.

The servant by degrees, brought him to a sense of his situation; told him that every extremity, even death itself, would be vain; and represented to him the authority of the great, who always trample on the rights of the poor with impunity. At length he drew him to a little distance from lord Darnton's house, and conveyed him to the lodgings of his wife. She received the unhappy Adams with that humanity peculiar to those whom the insolence of grandeur and fortune has denominated the meaner sort of people; a humanity which is certainly preferable to the superficial and heartless politeness of the splendid and the gay.

The situation of Adams is not to be described: His general exclamations were, My poor daughter! Child of my heart! How have they dishonoured thee?—Thee, to whom honour was more precious than life!—Ah! why did not the traitor Whatley rather sacrifice you in the bosom of your father? Then the poor man would weep, as if his soul would waste itself in tears.

The generous domestic, still more moved at his sufferings, pretends sickness, that he might continue with Adams, who had the spirit to write a letter to lord Darnton, filled (to use an expression of Satius) with all the majesty of grief. It will be no way surprising to hear a farmer talk in this strain, when it is remembered, that Adams had a liberal education. Besides, a virtuous mind calls forth its powers, is elevated and exalted; acquires a kind of conscious dignity and superiority in those circumstances which strongly affect its interests. It is observable that men have acted prodigies of valour, firmness, and eloquence, when they were excited by the great emotions of nature, the only source of shining deeds and distinguished talents. The old man's letter was conceived in the following terms:—

"Barbarous man! it is before the throne of everlasting justice that I summon you, and you shall there take your trial. You have brought shame and disgrace upon the last paths of my life. To recompence the labours of an old servant, who has eat his morsel of bread with the honest sweat of his brow, you have brought distraction into his heart, and betrayed the honour of his child, even in his own bosom.—But know, unfeeling man, that heaven will call you to a strict account for those tears, and that blood which now drops from me. Your execrable nephew—I have already summoned him to the tribunal of God; that tribunal which is not to be corrupted—He will give us vengeance. You will one day suffer remorse for your abominable crime, but it will be too late; your wretched victims will be in the grave, and from that grave their voices shall pierce the sky. You have disgraced my old age—You have sunk, under a load of infamy, a man, a whole family, that served, loved you and grew under the shadow of your pro-

"fection—You have trod upon weakness and
"innocence. I give up to you, and your perfi-
"dious nephew, the farm and the property that
"was entrusted to me. May hell open, and all
"its horrors, swallow you both! We will go
"to bathe with our tears, some other place, to
"give up our torn hearts to misery and anguish,
"and there lose our last sighs. May this letter
"urge to your heart, every painful arrow you
"have sunk in mine! A man reduced to extre-
"mities, as I am, is above all fear—Dispatch
"us quickly, for that is the crime you will add
"to those you have already committed.—It will
"undoubtedly be less horrible, and it is all that
"Adams is willing to owe you."

The afflicted father left London, loading it
with imprecations. His distractions increased,
and broke out anew when he approached his own
house. He beheld it with groans of anguish,
and cried—There is the asylum of my poverty—
There did I bring up my unfortunate daughter
in innocence and virtue, but, oh! to involve us
in everlasting shame! Ah! how shall I see my
family! How shall I go to plunge these daggers
in their hearts? Could I have believed that my
last days would have been thus covered with dis-
grace? [To be continued.]

THE MEDLEY.

EPIGRAM

On the frequent defeats of the English during
the last campaign.

THE toast of the Frenchman in war's dire alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl is Success to our Arms:
But forc'd from each trench, and repuls'd from
each post,
Success to our LEGS is the Englishman's toast.

HIBERNIANISM.

AMONG the numerous complaints of the ex-
cessive high price of provisions, a poor Ir-
ishman, when enumerating his sufferings, said
that let a man be ever so well inclined to keep
Lent, he could not do it on any moderate terms,
for they sold the flour for a pudding at double
price, and did not make the eggs half so large
as they were used to be!

ANECDOTES.

A Remarkable hard-drinker, who was expi-
ring, begged one of his friends who was
at his bed-side, to bring him a goblet of water,
telling him, "On our death-beds we must be
RECONCILED with our ENEMIES."

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if
all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into
a public stock, in order to be equally distributed
among the whole species, those who now think
themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the
share they are already possessed of, before that
which might fall to them by such a division.

MANKIND ARE A SET OF WHIRLIGIGS.

THERE is nothing so opposite to human ideas
of pleasure as SAMENESS. The most refin-
ed gratifications pall upon repetition, and with-
out variety we cannot exist. A WHIRLIGIG,
therefore, must have uncommon attraction, since
there is scarcely a circumstance in life which may
not be justly compared to one. Mankind are a
set of Whirligigs, that exist only by motion; and
will continue to whirl round, in a vortex of good
and bad, till the Whirligig of Time has run its
course, and this great Whirligig, the world,
shall—

"Like the baseless fabrick of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!"

ADDRESSED TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear,
Attend not now to sorrow's cry,
If now the pity streaming tear,
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O! sweet HUMANITY
Come ever welcome to my breast,
A tender, but a cheerful guest,—
Not always in the gloomy cell,
Of life consuming Sorrow dwell;
For sorrow long indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.

Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, stupidity.
Oh may that fiend be banish'd far,
Tho' passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know,
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye:
Nor may the tear that frequent flows,
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye cares, O! harden not my heart!
Howe'er exalted or depress'd,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind,
Of languid indolence, reclin'd:
Alike the foolish and the vain,
Are stagnant to the sense humane.
It comes: it fills my laboring breast;
I feel! my beating heart opprest.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her pray'r,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry;
Oh God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them sweet HUMANITY!
Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
Forever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er,
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them hearts! from anguish free!
Support them sweet HUMANITY!
If heav'n, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies,
If doom'd to drag life's painful load,
Thro' poverty's uneven road;
To thee, HUMANITY, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that wanders by,
A soothing word—a TEAR—a SIGH.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear,
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity streaming tear,
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet HUMANITY:

EPIGRAM.

JACK! quoth his father, can you tell,
What state will give me ease?
I tire when **STANDING**—when I **KNEEL**,
Sharp pains invade my knees.

To **WALK**—my feet all blister o'er;
My back aches—if in bed;
And if I **SIT**—my hips are sore,
To **LEAN**—afflicts my head.

Yes, sire! quoth Jack, one way remains,
The last within your pow'r,
Since none of these relieve your PAIN,
Try **HANGING**—HALF AN HOUR.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

REBUS.

THE place where erst Confusion marr'd men's
toil;
That science which makes plains and mountains
smile;
On sacred record you'll a hunter find,
Whose mighty acts display'd a noble mind.
In Rome's fam'd Senate there view Freedom's va-
liant Son,
Whose eloquence, his colleagues, far out shone
A favor sought by lovers, when they woo;
That object which all wise men keep in view.
The founder of a city, much renown'd,
For arts and sciences, and skill profound.
Th' Initials join, and you'll her name divine,
In whom the virtues and the graces shine,—
Whose modest worth, by each one is confess'd,
Who with good nature is completely blest.
[A Solution is requested.] Z.

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

THE author describing a high steep promon-
tory, called Ladderhill, the height of
which cannot be much less than eight hundred
feet; relates an extraordinary accident which
happened to a Dutch sailor, in 1759; the truth
of which was attested by many people on the
Island.

This man coming out of the country after
dark, and being in liquor, mistook the path then
in use, and turned to the left instead of the right.
He continued his journey with great difficulty,
till, finding the descent no longer practicable,
he took up his residence for the night, in a small
chink of the rock, and fell asleep. Late in the
morning he waked; and what were his horror
and astonishment to find himself on the brink of
a precipice an hundred fathoms deep: he at-
tempted to return back, but found it impossible
to climb the craggs he had descended. After
having passed several hours in this dreadful situa-
tion, he discovered some boys on the beach at
the foot of the precipice, bathing in the sea.
Hope of relief made him exert his voice to the
utmost; but he had the mortification to find that
the distance prevented his being heard. He then
threw one of his shoes towards them, but it un-
fortunately fell without being perceived: he
threw the other, and was more fortunate; for it
fell at the feet of one of the boys just coming
out of the water. The youth looked up, and,
with great surprise, saw the poor Dutchman
waving his hat, and making other signs of dis-
tress. They hastened to the town; and, telling
what they had seen, great numbers of people ran
to the heights overhead, from whence they could
see the man, but were nevertheless all puzzled
how to save him. At last a coil of strong rope
was procured, and one end being fastened above,
the other was veered down over the place where
he stood. The sailor instantly laid hold of it,
and, with an agility peculiar to people of his
profession, in a little time gained the summit.
As soon as he found himself safe, he produced an
instance of provident thriftiness, truly Dutch,
by pulling out of his bosom a china punch bowl,
which, in all his drunkenness and distress, he had
taken care to preserve unbroken, chusing rather
to part with shoes than his bowl; though the lat-
ter must have alarmed the children at once by
its noise, and the shoes must have left him to
starve, if they had not fallen in sight.

MAXIM.

IN the heart of man there is a perpetual suc-
cession of the passions; so that the destruction of
one is almost always the production of another.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

WE learn, that on Friday the 24th ult. a most dreadful fire broke out in the store of Messrs. John Henry and Co. at Perth-Amboy; by which, a large storehouse containing goods to a considerable amount, two dwelling houses and a ship on the stocks, were consumed.

The loss is estimated at 15,000 Dollars.

Capt. Cunningham informs us, that previous to his leaving Havre, a merchant of that place read to him a paragraph from a French paper, of peace having been concluded between France and Spain. This intelligence was universally credited in Havre, and may be relied on.

The yellow fever, says a Boston paper, rages, in Hispaniola, particularly at St. Marks, where 40 or 50 were buried each day; and of 900 troops not 200 were in health.

A few days since, the death of Mr. Goodrich, the famous Bermudian privateer's-man, was announced in the Philadelphia Gazette. The following lines have been handed to the Editor, as proper for the tomb-stone of that celebrated character.

Here lies the Body
of BRIDGER GOODRICH, Esq.

Who, it is believed, has failed to a port,
Neither "invested nor blockaded" against his admission:

And nevertheless, in analogy to his own opinion,
Judge Minos,

More just and conscientious than Judge Green,
Shall pass a sentence

Of "legal adjudication" upon him,
Which no lords commissioners of appeals
Can reverse.

George Russell Cushing, of the snow Pallas, from St. Pierre, Martinique, arrived at this port, on Saturday last, states, that being thirteen days out from St. Pierre, and nine from St. Thomas's, in lat. 31, 15, N. long. 71, 10, W. his vessel was boarded at 11 o'clock at night by the ship sometimes called the Hercules, at others Sans Culotte, Peter Martial, commander. After looking sometime at the passengers on deck, came on board ordering him to lay to till morning, and left one officer on board—The ship's company spoke English; and Captain Cushing supposed the ship to be from Bermuda, and that they would search his passengers baggage in the morning; but to his surprise, the boat was on board again in 15 minutes, ordering all the passengers servants in their boat, saying they were a good prize for the English—They took both his boats out and began taking out the passengers trunks, cases, bales, money and bills of exchange. By day-light they had the principal part out, and at sunrise they took part of the gentlemen passengers on board—At 8 they sent for Capt. C. and his papers.

The Captain of the vessel said she was a French ship, which Capt. C. discovered to be manned with French and Americans. He enquired what Capt. C's cargo consisted of, and was informed it consisted of Cassia, and American property: shewing him at the same time the bill of lading, which was the only paper he looked at. He then asked the reason of the passengers leaving Martinique, and was told that it was because they would not take up arms against the republic of France, and were ordered off the Island by the commander in chief.

He threatened to carry Capt. C. into Port de Paix, for he was a lawful prize; and that he had 20 bags of money in his hold. Capt. C. told him if there was one dollar, it was unknown to him, and he might search. The officers on board or-

dered their men not to take any thing that belonged to the Americans, which they did not. But the brutal manner in which the passengers were deprived of their property (the ladies crying to Capt. C. for assistance) was distressing beyond expression.

At five P. M. they sent the gentlemen and servants on board, and some of their trunks of cloths—but there were 3 ladies who were left without a change. At 7 a signal was given for Capt. C. to make sail.

The following is a list of the gentlemen and ladies, with their respective losses, agreeable to estimation given in next day to Capt. Cushing:

	Dollars.
Citoyens Mallispine,	12000
Leydet,	8000
Chipin,	1323
Durand,	1600
Lizare,	2160
Duhamel,	2540
Pecquet,	50
Noel,	600
Billonie,	60
Fezil,	24
Mallispine's two sisters,	6400
Nadarau,	4280
Olive,	3200
Servants,	600
Two bills of exchange belonging to Citoyen Chipin,	8000
	42,834

Extract of a letter, dated July 20, 1795, from a gentleman of respectability in Philadelphia, whose situation in life is such as to enable him, to know some of the transactions of our cabinet, to his correspondent in this city.

"You may rest assured that the President has NOT SIGNED THE TREATY."

Extract of a letter from Dr. Weston of St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, to a physician in Philadelphia.

"The yellow fever which was so fatal last year in this Island, has again made its appearance. It attacks principally sailors, and newly arrived Europeans. From its symptoms, it is evidently inflammatory in the highest degree. Copious and repeated bleedings even to fainting in the incipient state, are our sheet anchor. I bled largely three times in twenty-four hours, and thereby saved my patient."

PHILADELPHIA, July 27.

A mercantile house in this city has received a letter from Messrs. Brickwood, Prattle and Co. of London, which informs, that orders have been issued by the British government to the commanders of ships of war and privateers to take AMERICAN VESSELS BOUND TO HOLLAND, HAMBURG, &c. and to carry them into the dominion of Great-Britain; the cargoes there to be disposed of at PUBLIC AUCTION, for the benefit of the shippers. It is added, that this order is considered AS FAVOURABLE TO THE AMERICAN MERCHANTS.

We find the following paragraph under the date of "Dublin, May 30."

"So deplorable and wretched is the situation of the unfortunate poor of the Earl of Meath's liberty, in consequence of the train of evils brought on by the present, just and necessary war, that a bare recital of instances of their misery must make humanity shudder. In the course of yesterday a notice was posted in Andre-street, by some of the starving inhabitants, written in blood, expressive of the misery of their situation—and couched in terms, expressing no alternative between death and their present famishing situation!!!"

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening, the 18th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN WHICHURCH, to Miss JANE FREELON—both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. JAMES MANNING, to Miss ELIZA STORM, daughter of Mr. Thomas Storm, merchant, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Capt. JOHN CLOUGH, of Salem, (Mass.) to Miss KITTY TURNER, daughter of Mr. John Turner, of this city.

DIED

On Wednesday evening last, after an illness of nine days, Dr. MALACHI TREAT, heath officer, of this city; he was eminent in his profession; amiable in his manners; and beloved by all who knew him.

In the West-Indies, Capt. GURDON SALTONSTALL, and Mr. THOMAS B. SALTONSTALL—both of New-London.

ERATUM

IN the SOLUTION to the REBUS in last week's MUSEUM, line 7, for IBIS, read, IBIS.—Line 13, for ORBERUS, read, CERBERUS.

NEW THEATRE.

At the Assembly Room, No. 68, William-street, this Evening, Aug. 1, will be presented by Mr. MARTIN, various feats of activity on the TIGHT ROPE.

Clown to the Tight Rope, Mr. Farefarel.

T U M B L I N G
by the Little Devil.

The whole to conclude with the

S L A C K R O P E,

by Mess. Martin and Farefarel, in character of HARLEQUIN.

Tickets at Four Shillings each to be had of Mr. Gaultier, at the place of Performance, and at this Printing-Office.

A Person who speaks and writes the French, Portuguese and Spanish languages, wishes for a situation, either as Tutor in a private family, Clerk in a Store, or Assistant in an Academy.—Enquire of the Printer.

August 1, 1795.

77—tf.

To Printers.

Three FOUNTS of TYPES, consisting of Pica, Small Pica, and Paragon, For Sale at this Office, cheap for Cash.

A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

CAPABLE of taking charge of an OFFICE, of good character, and willing to go to the Southward, will hear of good wages and constant employ.—Enquire at this Office. July 25.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

A N active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of age, and of reputable connections, is wanted at this Office.

SIGN PAINTING, GILDING & GLAZING
By JOHN VANDER POOL,
No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-slip.

Court of Apollo.

THE LASS NEAR PRIMROSE HILL.

Tune—"RICHMOND HILL."

THE morning smil'd serenely gay,
All nature beam'd delight,
The songster hail'd the birth of May,
Each prospect charm'd the sight;
'Twas there I saw a lovely maid,
And think I see her still,
In all the pride of youth display'd,
The lass near Primrose Hill.

Health bloom'd the virgin's cheerful face,
And mirth inspir'd her tongue,
Blythe as the goddess of the chace,
She tun'd her artless song.
How charming was the pleasing maid;
I think I see her still,
In all the pride of youth display'd,
The lass near Primrose Hill.

Sweet sang the linnet and the thrush,
Upon the bending spray,
And vocal was each vernal bush,
In rapture with the May;
Enraptur'd then I view'd the maid,
And I think I see her still,
In all the pride of youth display'd,
The lass near Primrose Hill.

A NECDOTE.

A Physician boasting his great knowledge in his profession, said he never heard any complaint from his patients; a by-stander wittily replied, "Very likely, doctor, for the faults of physicians are generally BURIED WITH THEIR PATIENTS."

JUST PUBLISHED,

Price 3s. And for Sale at this Office, as also at the store of P. Burtell, Book Binder, Beekman-street, and at No. 88, corner of George and Nassau-streets.

BELISARIUS:

A Tragedy, by Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugeres. Note. As several Ladies and Gentlemen who subscribed for this work, have changed their places of residence since the proposals were issued, they are respectfully informed, that by sending to either of the above mentioned places, they may be supplied immediately.

July 16, 1795.

75—t.f.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BLACK LEAD POTS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackning Franklin stoves, and irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts, good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles, pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c. Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.

No. 2, Beekman-stip.

A Woman with a good breast of Milk, and of an unexceptionable character, wishes to go out to Nurse.—Enquire at this Office.

July 25.

76—tf

BOOKS.

Just received, per the Fanny, Capt. Blain, from Glasgow, and for sale by
JOHN HARRISON,

At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip, QUARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha, and Psalms,

Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.
do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.
do. do. in one neat pocket vol.

New Testament, large print, octavo,
Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,
New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical Grammar, 2 vols.

Davies Sermons, 3 vols. octavo,
A great variety of the newest Song Books,
A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets,
Blank Books of all kinds,
Pocket, Memorandum, and Receipt books,
Copperplate Copy Books,
Best gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. best foolscap do. common do.

Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, & Ink-Powders;
Black Lead Pencils; Ink Stands, Slates,
Playing Cards, Message do.
Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber,
Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and shoes, &c. &c.

Also, just received, a large Assortment of
CHILDRENS BOOKS.

Harlem Oil, Turlington's Balsam, Prentiss's Balsam for Corns, Godfrey's Cordial, and Anderson's Pills.

WILLIAM PEMBERTON, BOOK-BINDER,

No. 237, William-street, above the German church, New-York.

HAVING commenced business in the above line, solicits the patronage of his friends and the public. He is determined that his assiduity and exertions to give satisfaction to his employers, will merit a continuance of their favours. All kind of Books Bound in Morocco, Calf, or Sheep leather, gilt or plain. Merchants account books of every size ruled and bound in the neatest manner. Ledgers ruled for single or double entry, in ruff, sheep or calf skin, or in Russia binding. Port folios and merchants polies and memorandum books, made to any size or pattern, all on the shortest notice. All orders strictly attended to.

N. B. One journeyman and two boys wanted to the above business.

75 tf

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favours, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

SAMUEL ALLEN, MERCHANT TAYLOR,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced business at No. 281, Pearl Street, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

N. B. He has on hand an elegant assortment of superfine cloths and cassimeres of the best quality, also, striped, clouded plain and twilled nankeens; and a variety of elegant muslin and muslinet, plain and printed vest shapes, sattins, Marjilles quilting, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

New-York, May 9, 1795.

65.—tf.

UNITED STATES

LOTTERY,

For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 17

WALTER M'BRIDE,

Windfor Chair Maker.

CONTINUES to carry on the above business at No. 63, Pearl-street, near the Exchange. Also chairs japanned any colour and neatly flowered. All orders from town or country punctually attended to and thankfully received.

July 18.

75.—tf.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years) where she hopes for the continuance of those favours which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

Handsome and Airy APARTMENTS to Let, apply as above.

PRINTERS INK,

MANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

LYCETT and PALMER,

Japanners and Ornamental Painters,
No. 137, William-street.

JAPAN all kinds of chairs, bed-pillars, wash-hand stands, toilet tables, bed and window cornices, neater and cheaper than paper. Paint all sorts of ornamental work. Burnished Gilding, on Glass, elegantly executed.

74—

N. B. Orders for the above articles from any part of the continent punctually attended to.

SHIP PAINTING,

By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed in the most elegant manner, at the shortest notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city. Window Glass 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and 7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in the Painting and Glazing line for sale.

61.—tf

UMBRELLAS.

THREE boxes French Umbrellas, of different sizes and colors, just received from Bordeaux. Also, a few English Umbrellas of a superior quality, with brass slides, and a general assortment of fresh imported DRY GOODS, for sale upon reasonable terms, at No. 102, William-street, by
WILLIAM CAVERLY,
Who has likewise for sale thirty-one firkins of Fresh Butter.

July 11.

74 tf.

THREE or Four Painters will meet with constant employ and Good Wages, enquire of Anthony Ogilvie, upper end of Cherry-street.—Also, Two or Three Apprentices wanted, apply as above.

June 20.

tf

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street.